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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIII. CHICAGO, MAY 11, 1899. NUMBER 11.

AT THE PEACE CONGRESS.

Why is she late at the Tryst of the Peace-Makers?
Where is the youngest and fairest of all,
Last-born of Liberty, darling of Destiny,
Star of the stricken and hope of the thrall?

Russia has come from her plains and her river-gates;
England has come from her isles of the sea;
Italy hastens aleap on the hill-tops;
Germany, France,—they forget and agree.

Why lags America? Still at her chivalry,
Saving some little one pressed by the foe?
Spending her treasure and sharing her privilege;
Loosing a captive from hunger and woe?

Ah, she comes radiant! Ah, she comes beautiful!
Welcome and praise for her! Hail to her deed!
Place for the Selfless One! Room for the Succourer,—
"Rights of the People" her banner and creed!

Red is her robe,—she is Land of the Afterglow;
Red-lit her cheek,—it is heart-glow her own;
Red on her hands? Is it *blood?* Does America
Mock the White Muster, red-handed alone?

All of the rest of them doffing war's garniture,
Stainless and swordless, one-minded for peace,
She alone sitting unwashed of her battle-smoke,
Streaked with the death-gush of victims' release?

Crownless she sits there, unstarred of her radiance,
Blood on her hands, the old greed in her heart;
Blood that young patriots lavished for liberty,
Greed of the conqueror, wile of the mart.

This, for the splendor with which she faced Godward!
This, for the vision that heavened her eyes!
Body's expansion for soul-growth imperial,—
Oh, the mad barter of sin and surprise!

How can she sing of it, "Sweet Land of Liberty,"
She with those banner-words changed into ban?
Hushed be the song till the silence re-teaches her
Faith that makes faithful to God and to Man!

Have not the Fathers pledged her to righteousness?
Have not the Sons once redeemed from eclipse?
Vision shall star once again the sweet brows of her,
Songs be reborn on the beautiful lips!

ROCHESTER, N. Y. W. C. GANNETT.

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIII. THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1899. NUMBER 11.

Edward Everett Hale, at the Hull Memorial Chapel, Chicago, delivered last Sunday his message in the interest of a permanent peace tribunal, in which he said: "There is not the slightest doubt that had there been an international tribunal established at the blowing up of the Maine the troubles between the United States and Spain would have been settled without resort to arms."

The current papers publish the picture of an attractive modern building just completed at Bombay. It is a new temple for the Parsi, upon which the architect has worked twelve years and the money for the construction of which has been contributed by the faithful Parsi all over the world. It is one more testimony to the vitality of religion, the sincerity of Zoroaster, the great founder of the Parsi faith. The prophet of industry, who still has something to teach the Christians that invoke the Lord of Heaven to help them open the ports of the world with cannon that the gospel may enter therein.

It will be a shock to some of our readers, as it will be a joy to others, to know that Susan B. Anthony occupied a seat on the platform of the meeting at the Auditorium last Sunday, held in defense of the Philippine war, but both the shock and the joy are minimized by reading the interview which she gave to the newspapers, in which she said she sat there, "not because she was an ardent expansionist, but to study the situation." "A feeling of rebellion," she said, came to her when she reflected that the "brawler who disturbed the meeting was given a voice at the ballot box," which was denied her. She declined giving expression to her ideas on expansion, but she grew indignant when the presiding officer said, "God bless the women," because they had handsomely decorated the hall.

The work of severing pastoral ties still goes on in Chicago. Last Sunday Dr. McPherson, with tearful eyes, gave his farewell message to the Second Presbyterian Church, he has served for nearly seventeen years. He goes to be the master of the boys' school at Lawrenceville, N. Y. Rev. J. Q. Henry of the La Salle Avenue Baptist Church, leaves his parish to become the president of the New York Anti-Saloon League. He is to give the whole of his time in waging this truly Christian war against temptation and vice, using the weapons of reason and love. Dr. N. I. Rubinkam presented his resignation as pastor of the University Congregational Church, which church is in the hopeful toils of growth. The creed question is up and, of course, there are honest differences and devout anxieties on both sides. Plymouth Church and St. Paul's Universalist Church will await anxiously the announcement of the decision of their pastors. Mr. Haynes' resignation is in the hands of the former society and Dr. Canfield has received a flattering call from a Universalist Church in Brooklyn. Where there is motion there must be life, and change, however painful, is an attendant of growth.

Edward Everett Hale, in an address at a noonday lunch given in his honor by the Unitarian gentlemen of Chicago last week, took a tilt against Calvinism and incidentally against Presbyterianism, which he said he considered the worst enemy of progress at the present time. Highly as we regard the venerable Nestor of all liberal things, we can but regard this statement as more becoming a callow theological student just from the schools than a man who has lived in the complexities of life so long as Mr. Hale has. Presbyterianism in the abstract as a system of metaphysics and as a theory of ecclesiastical government may deserve the remark of Doctor Hale. It is doubtless in such a sense that he spoke, but Mr. Hale has lived long enough to know that there is no Presbyterianism in the abstract. If there is it is an abstraction from which no evil can come. Mr. Hale as a student of history knows very well that Presbyterianism, like every other ism, is an expression of earnest men trying to formulate that which eludes formulas and that it, like all other human organizations, notwithstanding the text, is a changing thing, growing or decaying, and progress takes account of tendencies and motion not of "points" that stand still and are fixed. The ship that has just cleared the port of Liverpool under full steam with the steering arrangement in hand and working, is nearer New York, the harbor aimed at, than is the ship off Sandy Hook with the fires out and the rudder broken. So progress has more to hope from a discontented Presbyterian, who is pulling for a shore he knows not, than from a contented Unitarian, resting on his oars thinking he has arrived.

We give publicity to the following open letter, hoping that the suggestion will go beyond the reach of Chicago and that following a hint already made in UNITY, there will be during the Sundays of May and June a general recognition of the great congress to convene in Holland. May the fact that this congress is to be the guest of a gentle and youthful queen prove a happy omen. If a mother's love and a wife's anxieties could only enter into the deliberation there could be little doubt as to the result. It was a woman, Baroness Von Zuettner, that gave expression in the last decade to the sentence, "Women are growing tired of bearing boys to be shot," in such emphatic fashion as to be heard by the nations of Europe and probably to stir the heart of the Czar that summoned the Congress of Peace:

INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT—AN OPEN LETTER—A SUGGESTION.

To the Ministers of Chicago:

Dear Brethren:—In view of the profound significance of the approaching International Congress that is to convene in The Hague, May 18, for the purpose of considering international disarmament, in response to the invitation of the Czar, we, members of the general committee under whose direction the Parliament of Religions was planned and carried out in Chicago in 1893, in the spirit of that Parliament would respectfully suggest that your church services on Sunday morning, May 14th, or the nearest Sunday available following, so far as other duties and obligations permit, be set aside as a "Service of Peace," and that the sermons be on some subject connected therewith. However we may estimate the sincerity or consistency of the Czar, we can all recognize in this Congress an expression of the deepest thinking and most earnest prayers of the saints and sages of the ages. It is meet that the United States of America, that has attained its present power and glory largely independent of standing armies, should express itself most promptly and fully on this subject, and that Chicago, where fraternity perhaps received its most emphatic expression in the history of the world in the great Parliament of Religions, should recognize this occasion in such a way that perhaps other cities throughout our country may be moved to give similar expression.

The fact that we are distracted, perplexed and divided over the preesnt problems of our nation makes the united chorus in the interest of the methods of peace as opposed to the methods of war all the more welcome and timely. If this suggestion should meet with an adequate response and co-operation, perhaps later along the way will open for some co-operative expression and action.

Respectfully submitted in fraternal bonds,

Members of the General Committee of 1893.

F. A. NOBLE, Minister Union Park Congregational Church.

E. G. HIRSCH, Minister Sinai Congregation.

JONATHAN W. PLUMMER, Society of Friends.

WILLIAM M. LAWRENCE, Minister Second Baptist Church.

A. J. CANFIELD, Minister of St. Paul's Universalist Church.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, Minister of All Souls Church.

While not profoundly convinced of the sincerity of the proposal of the Czar, or of any practical outcome of it, I hail any movement toward disarmament and peace among the nations.

CHARLES EDWARD CHENEY,
Rector of Christ Church.

Patriotism Versus Humanitarianism.

According to the immaculate "Inter Ocean," the Charles T. Yerkes organ, Chicago last Sunday "wiped out the disgrace of the Rogers-Aguinaldo Treason Cry" that was heard in Central Music Hall the week before. As was to be expected, the demonstration of last Sunday at the Auditorium and Central Music Hall was large, eloquent, dramatic and full of color, although the rain dampened the ardor and probably was the cause why the third meeting was abandoned and that there was room for more in the other two buildings. Bunting was profuse and the appeal to the "flag" brought forth the inevitable and worthy response. But a careful study of the speeches in cold print the next day reveals a surprising want of "imperialism" or "expansion," which want is concealed by the large amount of abuse wasted upon the anti-expansionist, as well as the great amount of good-will expressed for the government, of compliment to our armies and navies, and appreciation of the perplexing situation in which President McKinley finds himself, and a generous sympathy with him in this perplexity. In all this the speakers of the Sunday before would largely join. Indeed, Judge Horton, who presided at the Auditorium meeting, took pains to say at the outset, "We are not here to consider expansion or anti-expansion, but we are in favor of sustaining the government of the United States," etc. The "Post" said: "There is not a word in the resolutions to which the most confirmed anti-expansionist can take reasonable exception." The "Tribune," which apparently is eminently satisfied with the meeting, says: "The speakers took no position for expansion, but simply pledged the support of the meeting to the army, navy and executive, while the flag was in battle."

But through it all was the emotional assumption that "the President can do no wrong," indeed, that the government must be sustained, right or wrong, to such an extent that it is disloyalty on the part of any citizen even to attempt to right a wrong of the government. There was also a rhetorical assumption that we are on the high road to a happy solution of the problem; that the defeat of Aguinaldo, the scattering or the capturing of his forces, will solve the problem, and the implication was not wanting from many quarters that the settlement would be such as would satisfy the anti-expansionists and lay the ghost of imperialism.

In these speeches was also discovered a generous amount of the pietistic unction that assumes that the Lord is on our side and against our enemies. The chaplain of the Auditorium meeting seemed anxious to reconcile the Lord of Hosts to "the blood-red tooth of war," to remind Him that "we have had more than a century of progressive history." The blessings of high heaven were invoked upon the "starry flag of freedom." He remembered the widows and orphans of those who had given up their lives for the world's "larger liberty." He assumed that the Lord was particularly interested in those who "were battling for civilization across the borderline of barbarism," but he seems to have forgotten that there is a God of the Filipinos and that there may be some barbarism lurking on this as on the other side of the line, and the star spangled banner in all its glory is not the sole or the adequate symbol of the love of God or the emblem of all his people. Indeed, the preachers were much in evidence at this meeting. Bishop Fallows had no difficulty in identifying American patriotism with "divine providence" and rejoiced that the American soldiers were beyond the range of the "sulphurous paper wads of a Boston pamphleteer." Doctor Lyman Abbott could not come all the way from New York to Chicago, but he sent a letter in which he argued that the United States has a responsibility that calls for it to protect the Filipinos from themselves, even if in order to do this we must kill them; but he sent his assurances that the administration does not "mean subjugation nor the reduction of the island to vassalage." Indeed, unctuous piety, flippant denunciation and roistering humor seemed to help bring about what the "Times-Herald" delights in calling "the rampant patriotism of the meeting." Of course there was plenty of rebuke to the speakers of the week before. They were called "croakers," "mal-contents," "traitors," "dirty little Americans," while, as usual, the Rev. Mr. Henson carried wit and ridicule to its highest point when he compared the actions of Uncle Sam at the present time to those of the Good Samaritan. "We are now binding up the Filipino wounds" and denied the title American to those who took part in the meeting. He had his fling at Thomas Jefferson and pronounced the claim of the Declaration of Independence that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," as a "falsehood palmed off by the devil upon a credulous world." All this is "loyalty" when uttered at a "loyal" meeting, but the words of anxious

solicitation looking toward correcting a wild passion for conquest, a desire to inform the President of the deep feeling and profound judgment of at least a few citizens of the United States who assumed that they were citizens and not subjects, was characterized as "mischievous" and "treasonable."

The noisy demonstration has passed. We will cheerfully concede to the speakers their claim that they spoke for the majority, that they spoke out of love for and faith in McKinley; that they spoke for something that in color-blindness they call the American flag; that they believe in what they conceive to be civilization and that they outlined truly the God that reflects their own ethics. All this but calls for the previous question, What is patriotism? Is there not a sense in which George Eliot was profoundly true when she said, "Patriotism is the virtue of narrow minds." If it is a question of patriotism versus humanity, of our country versus the world, the love of the flag versus the love of mankind, who can doubt where the final decision will rest? "Vilifying utterances" is the phrase of one of the speakers. Such words are not strange to the student of history. Such denunciations are familiar to those who have studied the price of progress and the road over which the love of man has traveled.

Unwittingly these speakers belittled their country by implying that its growth could be endangered by the honest speech of earnest men or that its armies were in jeopardy in the presence of an insignificant band, largely unarmed and undisciplined representatives of a non-military race which they delight in calling "barbaric." The case of Aguinaldo is already sealed. The fate of present military Manila and immediate surroundings is settled. The United States can overrun the whole island if it so chooses. There remains the deeper question which these meetings of last Sunday confessedly avoided. Is the United States of the future to be swerved from its democracy by an accidental location of a naval victory; the health, life and, above all, the spiritual purity of our own soldier boys, the integrity of our own legislators, the ultimate triumph of our democratic principles at home? These are the questions which were not discussed at the "great popular demonstration" last Sunday. It does not yet appear as to who are traitors and who are patriots. Is it not still an open question as to where loyalty leads and what it consists in?

Notwithstanding the oft repeated charge that the anti-expansionists have no program, we again reiterate that we are crying what to do. This is the feasible, the next thing to do. Stop fighting. Let war end, that diplomacy may begin. Retrieve a false step! We cannot shoot order into Luzon, and we cannot Americanize, much less republicanize, the natives of any island by a long-armed government, which is imperialism.

Quatrains.

Disappointment.

From dreary wastes of unfulfilled desire,
We harvest dreams that never come to pass;
Then pour our wine amid the dying fire,
And on the cold hearth break the empty glass.

Time.

Time has no flight—'tis we who speed along.
The days and nights are but the same as when
The earth awoke with the first rush of song,
And felt the swiftly passing feet of men.

—*Thomas S. Collier.*

A law in Norway prohibits any person from spending more than two-pence halfpenny for liquor at one visit to a public house.

Correspondence.

To the Editors of UNITY:—I have read with very great interest the articles by Messrs. Salter, Calthrop, Dole and others, in UNITY and elsewhere, on the Philippine question. They seem to be another evidence that "most subjects have two sides and that many are polygons." Since "war never decides an ethical question," but only which antagonist has the most men, the most money and the most or best guns, I heartily coincide with Benjamin Franklin, that "there never was a good war or a bad peace."

However, it is not of the merits or the demerits of our Philippine imbroglio that I wish to speak, but of that closer alliance with England which is now encouraged and advocated by so many of our own people, we shall do well to remember our early experience with her and scrutinize somewhat carefully her present motives. We wish to maintain amicable relations with England and to avoid "entangling alliances." It is also far more agreeable to approve and applaud than to criticise and condemn. We acknowledge that no country contains more illustrious statesmen, broader philanthropists or more earnest Christians than England.

It is when we consider her as a governing power, when we weigh her methods in the scales of justice and righteousness that we not only withhold our approval, but we emphatically condemn.

History, written and unwritten, records that long ago England became dissatisfied with her place and progress among the nations. She was ambitious. She desired supremacy in the world. How should she obtain it was the problem which she set herself to solve. It could not be by agriculture, for her country was small—she could not raise her bread. It could not be my manufacture, for she was dependent on other nations for much of her raw material for that. It must, therefore, be by finance. Thereupon, she devised and executed plans which, whatever their effect on others, have made her the arbiter of nations, for "whoever controls the money of a nation controls its liberty and its destiny."

How she accomplished this need not here be detailed.

For proof that England absorbs the wealth and the vitality of any people so unfortunate as to come within her power we have only to recall the history and observe the conditions in Ireland, in India and in Egypt, and to consider the cause of her recent willingness to stand as a guard—to practically hold the hands of a weaker nation—while "the unspeakable Turk" inflicted terrible and unmerited punishment! And this while the cries of the sufferers and the appeals of the humane in her own and in other countries were ringing in her ears.

We need not inquire by what right England obtained her Indian possessions. There are those who remember the Sepoy rebellion, when intelligent, educated native soldiers, revolting against an oppression no longer endurable, were chained to the mouths of cannon and blown to atoms!

If one is interested in knowing what relentless, merciless, mercenary oppression means, let him read "Spoiling the Egyptians," written by J. Seymour Keay, an Englishman who had lived in Egypt and in India. Much of the small book is compiled from the British blue books. In its preface the author says, "It must be remembered that nothing is reported here which could be concealed." The American edition was published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, who, in their preface, say, "The author's statement, which is based line upon line on the authority of the official documents, constitutes one of the most damning arraignments that has ever been made of the acts of a Christian nation and throws light upon some, at least, of

the causes of the bitter hatred of Europeans, which found such fatal expression in the massacre of Alexandria."

Many years ago I had the pleasure of meeting the Hon. Mr. Matson, soon after his return from India, where he had been our general American consul in Calcutta. I had just then read "Spoiling the Egyptians" and asked Mr. Matson if he believed it possible that a civilized nation could practice such heartless atrocities? I can never forget the emphasis with which he replied, "Madam, the English language does not contain words that can adequately express the oppression practiced by English officials on helpless natives wherever they have the power."

I will mention one example of several which Mr. Matson cited as evidence, viz., the obliging of the natives to buy imported salt, while their own hills contain enough to supply the world for centuries. He said: "If a poor native were seen licking the salt (for which he was famishing) out of the earth he would be shot as if he were a dog."

This I regarded as an extreme statement, but recently I have seen an article in the New York "Sun" from which I quote, inferring that it may have been literally true:

"Among the resolutions discussed at the meeting of the last Indian national congress, held at the end of December in Madras, hardly any were of greater importance than that asking for a reduction of the duty on salt. In India salt is a government monopoly, and, next to the land revenue, is the most productive source of income from taxation, opium being third. * * * There is not another article of general necessity that is more heavily taxed, and for protecting the state monopoly, not one in which a more rigorous set of regulations is enforced, even to the extent of being oppressive. According to competent medical authorities, the public health and the stamina of the poorer classes of the Indian population are injuriously affected by the restricted use of salt, due to its excessive taxation. The high price of even the coarsest and commonest kinds is alleged to be responsible for the serious epidemics that have thinned the stocks of cattle in India in recent years."

From good authority I quote "That the principle of the opium war (waged to force the trade on China) was utterly wrong and that the leaders of thought in China were absolutely right as to its effect, has been generally admitted, even by Englishmen, yet so great is the power of commercial greed that a royal commission has reported favorably within the present decade on the Indian export of opium. The government revenue that comes from the demoralizing drug is the all-sufficient justification for the traffic."

On the subject of a closer alliance with England I quote approvingly Judge Tarvin's recent utterance on what the Jeffersonian Democratic American platform for 1900 should declare, "Against imperialism. * * * Against any alliance with England—that a monarchy and a republic cannot be linked together—human freedom and human slavery cannot march side by side. * * * Colonial dependencies are the life-blood of England, while they would mean the death of free government in the United States."

England seems to have verified the truth of what Sophocles said twenty-five centuries ago, "Nothing in use by man for power of ill can equal money. This lays cities low. This drives men forth from quiet dwelling place. This warps and changes minds of worthiest stamps, to turn to deeds of baseness—teaching men as shifts of cunning and to know the guilt of every impious deed."

SUSAN LOOK AVERY.

Chicago, May 2, 1899.

Out Doors.

Ballad of the Belligerent Congressman.

Men of us are shooting, in an isle across the sea,
The people who inherited the land;
Men of us are boasting, when the few survivors flee,
A badly licked but plucky-hearted band.
O a happy day for all of us, may we recall it long,
When men who went to war to free a race
Were bid, because the President was feeling good and strong,
To bat our dusky brothers in the face.

"Allies of the Army" when we met a common foe;
"Patriots who dared to make a fight."
"Ignorant and savage" when the Spaniards had to go,—
Martyrs turned to monkeys in a night.
So we bade them be submissive and to trust us for the rest,
In our own benign and diplomatic style;
We would give them all the freedom that we thought was for the best,
And our guns would kill a nigger at a mile.

Having heard how Washington had fought a foreign yoke,
And how he drove the English to the sea,
When in money, men and metal he was always nearly broke,
"I can do it," said the foolish Filipee.
But we mowed him down like barley with the vomit of our ships,
Though the story he was game is no canard:
For we sent him to his Maker with "My country!" on his lips,—
It was bloody, but we had to smash him hard!

For there is no other method to convince a man who dreams
That God Almighty meant him to be free;
You can proclamate and argue through a dozen, dozen reams—
The gun's the thing that brings him to his knee!
So we'll hunt them in the valleys and we'll hound them in the hills,
Till they crawl upon their bellies to our feet;
It may cost five hundred millions, but the people pay the bills,—
And a winning war will keep me in my seat.

FRANK PUTNAM.

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Curiosities of Literature.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON PRESIDENTIAL PERPLEXITIES DURING THE MEXICAN WAR.

"When the war began, it was my opinion that all those who because of knowing too little, or because of knowing too much, could not conscientiously oppose the conduct of the President in the beginning of it should nevertheless, as good citizens and patriots, remain silent on that point, at least till the war should be ended. Some leading Democrats, including ex-President Van Buren, have taken this same view, as I understand them; and I adhered to it and acted upon it, until since I took my seat here; and I think I should still adhere to it were it not that the President and his friends will not allow it to be so. Besides the continual effort of the President to argue every silent vote given for supplies into an indorsement of the justice and wisdom of his conduct; besides that singularly candid paragraph in his late message in which he tells us that Congress with great unanimity had declared that 'by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between the government and the United States,' when the same journals that informed him of this also informed him that when that declaration stood disconnected from the question of supplies sixty-seven in the House, and not fourteen merely, voted against it; besides this open attempt to prove by telling the truth what he could not prove by telling the whole truth—demanding of all who will not submit to be misrepresented, in justice to themselves, to speak out. * * * * * * "I am now through the whole of the President's evidence; and it is a singular fact that if anyone should declare the President sent the army into the midst of a settlement of Mexican people who had never submitted, by consent or by force, to the authority of Texas or of the United States, and that there and thereby the first blood of the war was shed, there is not one word in all the President has said which would either admit or deny the declaration. This

strange omission it does seem to me could not have occurred but by design. My way of living leads me to be about the courts of justice; and there I have sometimes seen a good lawyer, struggling for his client's neck in a desperate case, employing every artifice to work round, befog and cover up with many words some point arising in the case which he dared not admit and yet could not deny. Partly bias may help to make it appear so, but with all the allowance I can make for such bias, it still does appear to me that just such, and from just such necessity, is the President's struggle in this case. * * *

* * * * * * "Any people anywhere being inclined and having the power have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own of so much of the territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority, intermingled with or near about them, who may oppose this movement. Such minority was precisely the case of the Tories of our own revolution. It is a quality of revolutions not to go by old lines or old laws; but to break up both, and make new ones. * * *

* * * * "Now, sir, for the purpose of obtaining the very best evidence as to whether Texas had actually carried her revolution to the place where the hostilities of the present war commenced, let the President answer the interrogatories I proposed, as before mentioned, or some other similar ones. Let him answer fully, fairly, candidly. Let him answer with facts and not with arguments. Let him remember he sits where Washington sat, and so remembering, let him answer as Washington would answer. As a nation should not, and the Almighty will not, be evaded, so let him attempt no evasion—no equivocation. And if, so answering, he can show that the soil was ours where the first blood of the war was shed—that it was not within an inhabited country, or, if within such, that the inhabitants had submitted themselves to the civil authority of Texas or of the United States, and that the same is true of the site of Fort Brown—then I am with him for his justification. In that case I shall be most happy to reverse the vote I gave the other day. * * * * * * But if he cannot or will not do this—if on any pretense or no pretense he shall refuse or omit it—then I shall be fully convinced of what I more than suspect already—that he is deeply conscious of being in the wrong; that he feels the blood of this war, like the blood of Abel, is crying to Heaven against him; that originally having some strong motive—what, I will not stop now to give my opinion concerning—to involve the two countries in a war, and trusting to escape scrutiny by fixing the public gaze upon the exceeding brightness of military glory—that attractive rainbow that rises in showers of blood—that serpent's eye that charms to destroy—he plunged into it, and has swept on and on till, disappointed in his calculation of the ease with which Mexico might be subdued, he now finds himself he knows not where. How like the half-insane mumbling of a fever dream is the whole war part of his late message! At one time telling us that Mexico has nothing whatever that we can get but territory; at another showing us how we can support the war by levying contributions on Mexico. At one time urging the national honor, the security of the future, the prevention of foreign interference, and even the good of Mexico herself as among the objects of the war; at another telling us that 'to reject indemnity, by refusing to accept a cession of territory, would be to abandon all our just demands, and to wage the war, bearing all its expenses, without a purpose or definite object.' So then this national honor, security of the future, and everything but territory indemnity may be considered the no-purposes and indefinite objects of the war * * *

* * * "Again, the President is resolved under all circumstances to have full territorial indemnity for the expenses of the war; but he forgets to tell us how we are to get the excess after those expenses shall have surpassed the value of the whole of the Mexican territory. So again, he insists that the separate national existence of Mexico shall be maintained; but he does not tell us how this can be done, after we shall have taken all her territory. Lest the questions I have suggested be considered speculative merely, let me be indulged a moment in trying to show they are not. The war has gone on some twenty months; for the expenses of which, together with an inconsiderable old score, the President now claims about one-half of the Mexican territory, and that by far the better half, so far as concerns our ability to make anything out of it. It is comparatively uninhabited; so that we could establish land offices in it, and raise some money in that way. But the other half is already inhabited, as I understand it, tolerably densely for the nature of the country, and all its lands, or all that are valuable, already appropriated as private property. How then are we to make anything out of these lands with this encumbrance on them? or how remove the encumbrance? I suppose no one would say we should kill the people, or drive them out, or make slaves of them, or confiscate their property. How, then, can we make much out of this part of the territory? If the prosecution of the war has in expenses already equaled the better half of the country, how long its future prosecution will be in equaling the less valuable half is not a speculative, but a practical, question, pressing closely upon us. And yet it is a question which the President seems never to have thought of. As to the mode of terminating the war and securing peace, the President is equally wandering and indefinite. First, it is to be done by a more vigorous prosecution of the war in the vital parts of the enemy's country; and after apparently talking himself tired of this point, the President drops down into a half-despairing tone, and tells us that 'with a people distracted and divided by contending factions, and a government subject to constant changes, by successive revolutions, the continued success of our arms may fail to secure a satisfactory peace.' Then he suggests the propriety of wheedling the Mexican people to desert the counsels of their own leaders, and, trusting in our protestations, to set up a government from which we can secure a satisfactory peace; telling us that 'this may become the only mode of obtaining such a peace.' But soon he falls into doubt of this too; and then drops back onto the already half-abandoned ground of 'more vigorous prosecution.' All this shows that the President is in nowise satisfied with his own positions. First he takes up one, and in attempting to argue us into it he argues himself out of it, then seizes another and goes through the same process, and then, confused at being able to think of nothing new, he snatches up the old one again, which he has some time before cast off. His mind, taxed beyond its power, is running hither and thither, like some tortured creature on a burning surface, finding no position on which it can settle down and be at ease.

"Again, it is a singular omission in this message that it nowhere intimates when the President expects the war to terminate. At its beginning, General Scott was by this same President driven into disfavor, if not disgrace, for intimating that peace could not be conquered in less than three or four months. But now, at the end of about twenty months, during which time our arms have given us the most splendid successes, every department and every part, land and water, officers and privates, regulars and volunteers, doing all that men could do, and hundreds of things which it had ever before been thought men could not do—after all this, this same President gives a long message, without showing us that as to the end he himself has even an imaginary conception. As I have before said, he knows not where he is. He is a bewildered, confounded and miserably perplexed man. God grant he may be able to show there is not something about his conscience more painful than all his mental perplexity."

From speech in the House of Representatives, January 12, 1848.

Abraham Lincoln. Complete Works. pp. 100-107.

A Thanksgiving to God.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell, wherein to dwell;
A little house whose humble roof is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which I lie both soft and dry—
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward, has sent a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate—both void of state,
And yet the threshold of my door is worn by poor
Who thither come, and freely get good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall and kitchen's small,
A little buttery, and therein a little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit, and glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine, the pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be there placed by Thee—
The worts, the purslane and the mess of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent; and my content
Makes these and my beloved beet to be more sweet. [mirth,]
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth with guiltless
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty dropping hand that soils my land,
And giv'st me from my bushel sown twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay her egg each day;
Besides my youthful ewes to bear the twins each year—
The while the conduits of my Rhine run cream for wine.
All these and better Thou do'st send me to this end—
That I should render, for my part, a thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign as wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be, my Christ, by Thee.

—ROBERT HERRICK (1594-74.)

Good Poetry.

To a Distant Friend.

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
  Of such weak fiber that the treacherous air
  Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
  Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
  For nought but what thy baptism could spare.

Speak! Though this soft, warm heart, once free to hold
  A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreamy cold.
Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow,
  Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

—*William Wordsworth.*

The Private of the Buffs.

Last night among his fellow-roughs
  He jested, quaff'd and swore:
A drunken private of the Buffs,
  Who never look'd before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
  He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
  And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
  Bewilder'd and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught,
  He yet can call his own.
Ay! tear his body limb from limb;
  Bring cord, or ax, or flame—
He only knows, that not through him
  Shall England come to shame.

Fair Kentish hopfields round him seem'd
  Like dreams to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossoms gleam'd,
  One sheet of living snow.
The smoke above his father's door
  In gray soft edgings hung—
Must he then watch it rise no more,
  Doom'd by himself, so young?

Yes. Honor calls, with strength like steel
  He put the vision by:
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
  An English lad must die!
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
  With knees to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
  To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
  Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
  The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
  A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
  Because his soul was great.

—*F. H. Doyle.*

The Old, Old Song.

When all the world is young, lad,
  And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
  And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
  And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
  And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
  And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
  And all the wheels run down:
Creep home, and take your place there,
  The spent and maim'd among:
God grant you find a face there
  You loved when all was young.

—*Charles Kingsley.*

The Pulpit.

An Escape for the Soul.

A STUDY FROM SIDNEY LANIER'S HYMNS OF THE MARSHES.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Delivered at All Souls Church, Chicago, May 7, 1899.

The first of May has come. Relentless winter has relented. The stubborn cold has surrendered to the lengthening sunbeams and mildness has once more conquered ferocity. The storm has proved inadequate in its contest with the calm. My custom, as my judgment, asks for a spring sermon for this first Sunday of May. I, with you, have not only a right to but a dire need of the greening grass, the swelling bud and the returning birds in our spiritual life, as in our physical life.

But, must I confess it, my heart was too hot, my brain too much flushed, for the new grass to find its response in my soul or for the robin's call to find an echo in my thought. The too slow movements of men, the pathetic attitude of society in the presence of what seems to me to be ominous signs of a growing stolidity if not of alarming reactions in the cause of liberty, a patience born out of faithlessness—all seem to mock the growing serenity of nature, to resent the over hasty spring buoyancy and the too ready appropriations of summer comforts. The far-off cry of the simple children of the islands as they are mowed down by American musketry because they aspire to American ideals, nerved by an American passion for liberty and independence; the sight of mothers and wives applauding and approving the sad heroism that counts the precious victims of needless war; the suspended plans and the apparent bending of the knee at the altars of the provoking and life-destroying gods —"I-told-you-so" and "Just-as-I-expected"—seemed to mock the proverbial spring poetry and to resent the May-day sermon of nature, which is the annual expectation and the reasonable helpfulness of this church and the religion we profess.

And so I am compelled to go a long way around this morning to reach the message which the May-time ever brings.

I recall the story of Sidney Lanier, the child of genius, whose lines fell on more turbulent times than ours; whose heart was torn by disappointments greater than yours or mine. His bark sailed a stormy sea and came to what mortals reckon an untimely and disastrous end. But he found life ecstatic, nature responsive, and he ever turned weakness and defeat into triumph. Perhaps by tracing the method and nature of his escape our own souls may find the open door and pass into that holy temple of nature that soothes, restores and invigorates.

Sidney Lanier was born at Macon, Ga., on the 3d of February, 1842, of Huguenot ancestry, his forefelders being among the early settlers of Virginia. He entered Oglethorpe College at fourteen, was graduated at eighteen and became tutor in his alma mater. But the call to arms came and the enthusiasm of his surroundings became the necessity that swept the boy into the ranks, and for the four long years of struggle he knew the burdens of a private soldier, which he would not ameliorate by promotion, when promotion meant separation from a younger brother in the ranks. From Seven Pines to Petersburg, as signal officer on the blockade runner; as prisoner of war at Point Lookout, he beat out the long struggle on the southern side, and like thousands of others he emerged into peace with the seeds of disease already germinating which would bring him to his untimely grave. For the eight years following the war we find him serving in a postoffice, clerking in a hotel, the head of a country academy, practicing law, entering into the

joys and responsibilities of a family and otherwise trying to adjust a sensitive soul to a rugged world. In 1873 he gives himself to literature and to music, makes Baltimore his home and determines to fight the battle of life with the congenial weapons of the flute and the pen. In 1879 he was appointed a lecturer on English literature at Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. In less than three years afterward, with the early frost of September, the disease that had followed him since the war pursued him from Texas to Florida, up and down the sunny glens of Alabama, Georgia and Virginia, finally claimed him as its own.

These are the outward facts of the thirty-nine years. Tragic is the story of the external battle with consumption and poverty, but more tragic is the internal battle of a soul alive, burning with an inward fire which it could not suppress and could poorly direct. Poetry and music warred in his soul for the supremacy from his earliest childhood. As a boy, with scarcely any tutoring, he could play flute, organ, piano, violin, guitar and banjo. In deference to his father's anxiety, who feared the fascination of the violin, his chosen instrument, he gave himself to the flute. With it he brightened the soldiers' camp; on account of it his comrades jokingly said he received appointment as signal officer on the blockade runner. He smuggled it in his coat sleeve, into the military prison, and through its persuasive notes received many favors. For six pears he played the leading flute in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra of Baltimore, and competent critics pronounced him easily the master flutist of America. Says Hamerik, the director of this orchestra:

"In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument, but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration. Its tones developed colors, warmth, and a low sweetness of unspeakable poetry; they were not only true and pure, but poetic, allegoric, as it were, suggestive of the depths and heights of being and of the delights which the earthly ear never hears, and the earthly eye never sees."

In his one novel he wrote:

"Given the raw materials—to wit, wife, children, a friend or two, and a house—two other things are necessary. These are a good fire and good music. And inasmuch as we can do without the fire for half the year, I may say music is the one essential. Late explorers say they have found some nations that have no God; but I have not read of any that have no music. Music means harmony, harmony means love, love means—God!"

Alongside of this passion for music was the attendant passion for poetry and the learning that makes a poet. He alternated the drudgery of the camp with his studies in foreign languages. The encampment at Petersburg was welcome because it was in the neighborhood of a small library, from which he could draw books. And when the final decision between business and poetry must be made, like a hero he took the chances in the face of the grinning enemies, poverty and starvation. The kindly father pled the argument of prudence and of thrift, to which he replied:

"My dear father, think how, for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcial college and of a bare army and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and of poetry have steadily kept in my heart, so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you, as to me, that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly, and through so much bitterness?"

Two years after the war he gave to the world his one novel, entitled "Tiger Lilies," which might be characterized as a fiction-sermon upon General Sherman's text, "War is hell." And some publisher would serve us at this juncture if he would but reprint again the story that has long been out of print for the benefit of those who, knowing not the damnable work of powder and the hellish demoralization of war, applaud with gloved hands the logic that pleads for it and urge with awful ignorance the direst of calamities—an avoidable war.

Through his illness and his poverty he gave at Johns Hopkins his lectures on the English novel, music and poetry, and the science of English verse. He edited the Boy's Library of Classics—Froisart, King Arthur, Mabinogion and Percy; and the subtle, breezy, cheerful poems appeared in rapid succession in the "Independent," the "Century," "Harper's," "Scribner's" and other magazines. But although a few wise ones knew that a lark was singing from his home high in the empyrean, and now it is easy for all to recognize that he was the American Keats, allied to Shelley, and an humble attendant upon the great Milton himself, he was not exempted from the tax which independent genius and originality must always pay, the tax of ridicule, opposition and distrust. But, like the true son of genius he was, he could stand up and be counted among the unpopular. He took his counsel from within. To his father he wrote:

"My experience in the varying judgments given about poetry . . . has all converged upon one solitary principle, and the experience of the artist in all ages is reported by history to be of precisely the same direction. That principle is, that the artist shall put forth, humbly and lovingly, and without bitterness against opposition, the very best and highest that is within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism. What possible claim can contemporary criticism set up to respect—that criticism which crucified Jesus Christ, stoned Stephen, hooted Paul for a madman, tried Peter for a criminal, tortured Galileo, bound Columbus in chains, drove Dante into a hell of exile, made Shakespeare write the sonnet, 'When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,' gave Milton five pounds for 'Paradise Lost,' kept Samuel Johnson cooling his heels on Lord Chesterfield's doorstep, reviled Shelley as an unclean dog, killed Keats, cracked jokes on Gluck, Schubert, Beethoven, Berlioz and Wagner, and committed so many other impious follies and stupidities that a thousand letters like this could not suffice even to catalogue them?"

It was thus in the alternation of fever and hemorrhage that he wrote the beautiful, cheerful and inspiring poems: "The Psalm of the West," "The Songs of the Corn, the Clover, the Bee, the Owl," "The Symphony," "The Centennial Cantata" for the exposition at Philadelphia, and last, perhaps greatest, his "Hymns of the Marshes." These indicate how his soul escaped out of the discouragements and the depressions of time into the peace and poise of eternity, an escape not found by running away from the perplexities of life and the calls of conscience, but by traveling inward until the soul finds the calm at the heart of the storm, the deep beneath the waves.

Not by physical conquest, but by spiritual ascendency, did he rise. His democracy was the democracy of mind. He said:

"My democrat, the democrat whom I contemplate with pleasure, the democrat who is to write or to read the poetry of the future, may have a mere thread for his biceps, yet he shall be strong enough to handle hell; he shall play ball with the earth; and, albeit his stature may be no more than a boy's, he shall still be taller than the great redwoods of California; his height shall be the height of great resolution and love, and faith, and beauty, and knowledge, and subtle meditation; his head shall be forever among the stars."

William Hays Ward, in his memorial introduction to the collection of poems made by his faithful wife, gives us this outline of an unwritten poem—a prose skeleton of an unwritten hymn. So beautiful is the outline that we do not miss the anticipated shadings which the hand had not power to give.

"I fled in tears from men's ungodly quarrel about God. I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth. Then, somewhat like the beating of many hearts, came up to Me out of the ground; and I looked and my cheek lay close to a violet. Then my heart took courage, and I said:
'I know that thou are the word of my God, dear Violet;
And oh, the ladder is not long that to my heaven leads.

Measure what space a violet stands above the ground;
'Tis no further climbing that my soul and angels have to do
than that.'"

This indicates the line of escape over which the soul of Sidney Lanier traveled away from sickness, poverty, unpopularity, away from the harshness and the cruelty of the world, away from the dissonance of greed and the devastations of war. He placed his throbbing brow upon the bosom of nature and it was soothed. He took his bundle of cares into the heart of the woods and it fell off.

But let me not anticipate. The marsh generally passes in our thought as the festering bed of noisome things and fell forces, but the great salt sea marshes of Glynn, in Georgia, helped the sick poet to his highest poetry and to his most serene moods. He planned seven hymns dedicated to these marshes, but death permitted him to write but three. The last poem ever completed by him is the initial hymn in this series, which was written, his wife tells us, a few months before his death, when his temperature was one hundred and four, and it was penciled off "as if he feared that he should die with it unuttered." It is a hymn to the sunrise as it breaks over the marshes. He tells us of how in his sleep he longed for the fellowship of the live oak, the marsh and the main. The "little leaves" would not let him sleep, and "out of the castle of captives hid in the city of sleep" came the thoughts that at last threw wide open the "gates of sleep." And ere the dawn he sought the "gospelling glooms," the "burly barked, man-bodied trees." The green leaves that so rustle through Lanier's poetry minister to him in a wonderful way. The "winds winnow wisdom" through them. They "advise him of more than they bring." The dim woods utter themselves in the passing of an owl. The reverent marsh distills silence and the soul that recently gasped for space breathes free. The tide is at full and the scant stars appear in the sky. So still is it that a sound is feared lest it might "break the solemn spell." But at last there is a "motion of dawn."

"And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?
The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed,
A flush: 'tis dead; 'tis alive; 'tis dead, ere the West
Was aware of it: nay, 'tis abiding, 'tis unwithdrawn:
Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn."

There is the "dream of a flame," a flush that is uprolled:

"To the zenith ascending, a dome of undazzling gold
Is builded, in shape as a bee-hive, from out of the sea:
The hive is of gold undazzling, but, oh, the Bee,
The star-fed Bee, the build-fire Bee,
Of dazzling gold is the great Sun-Bee
That shall flash from the hive-hole over the sea!"

And the whole marsh becomes one "pious plain of worship." And the sun, "Workman-Heat," "Chemist of Storms," begins his mighty task.

The old problems that so tugged at his heart are still there. He knows that

"Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle a-frown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my Lord, the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun."

He has passed from the strain into the peace, from the agonies of the reformer into the exaltation of the prophet. The soul has recovered itself, escaped from the fever of man into the poise of nature; escaped from the discouragements of time into the trust and faith of nature. The sunrise has restored him and he exclaims:

"Oh, never the mast-high run of the seas
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-covered smoke of the factories
Hide thee,
Never the reek of the time's fen-politics
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge
abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
Labor at leisure, in art,— till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

Aye, he was then on his way to his friend, the sun, and his soul now floats in the bosom of being where the sun floats. Upon the bronze memorial bust of Lanier that is one of the treasures of the Johns Hopkins University appear the closing lines of the passage I have just read:

"And ever by day shall my spirit, as one that hath tried thee,
Labor at leisure, in art—till yonder beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

But the sunrise will not last always. The heat and strain of the day follow swiftly after, and in the second hymn, entitled "Individuality," we find a noonday escape for the soul. A cloud with his "downward countenance stares upon the blank-faced marsh with its awful

"Contempts on Mercy, Right, and Prayer,—
Of murders, arsons, thefts,—of nameless stain."

Out of that same cloud comes the lightning that slays the child, that strikes the priest with a prayer upon his lips for his enemies; the lady that opens the door to let a beggar in, and then the sulky rain refuses to pour until the "barn is burned which contained that which the widow's sons had earned, the twelvemonths' store." This raises the awful question:

"What myriad righteous errands high
Thy flames might run on! In that hour
Thou slewest the child, oh, why
Not rather slay Calamity,
Breeder of Pain and Doubt, infernal Power?

Or why not plunge thy blades about
Some maggot politician throng,
Swarming to parcel out
The body of a land, and rout
The maw-conventicle, and ungorge Wrong?"

The cloud makes answer:

'What the cloud doeth
The Lord knoweth,
The cloud knoweth not.
What the artist doeth
The Lord knoweth,
Knoweth the artist not.'

But the poet accepts but half the answer. It is true in regard to the cloud, but not true in regard to the artist. His art is awful because it is free. He works not as the dim laws of the clouds plan—to strike down the good and fight the ill. He is more than a harp

"That stands
In the wind and sounds the wind's command."

And so the cloud helps the soul to escape the paralysis of fatalism, the despair of the finite. He rises above the cloud and above the nature that has soothed him at sunrise and exclaims:

"Pass, kinsman Cloud, now fair and mild;
Discharge the will that's not thine own.
I work in freedom wild,
But work, as plays a little child,
Sure of the Father, Self, and Love, alone."

In the printed edition of his poems there is a third hymn, "At Sunset," but this was written for another purpose and is not a part of his plan. And so we pass to the fourth, which is the third and last of the hymns he had planned.

"The Marshes of Glynn" is a hymn of the sunset, as the opening poem is the hymn of the sunrise. He sings of "beautiful glooms," of "wild wood privacies," of "braided dusks,"

"And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the
oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound
of the stroke
Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know."

He is now "unafraid." The beach, the marsh and

the sea free the soul, and the heart becomes large with "the length and breadth and sweep of the marshes of Glynn," and he rises in a great song of faith:"

"Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the Catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain;

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies;
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn."

And from this vastness of the Lord the waters of sleep roll in upon his soul and no mortal can wholly reveal

"The forms that swim and the shapes that creep under the waters of sleep.
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and breadth of the marvelous marshes of Glynn."

Have I succeeded in stating sufficiently clearly the pith of these "Hymns of the Marshes?" If so I have not only hinted at the escape of Lanier's soul, but I have indicated an escape for all our souls In our impatience and fretfulness let us seek the ministrations of the sun that lifts his tent to the eastward of Chicago as golden as to the eastward of Georgia and rises in his creative might out of the fresh waters of Lake Michigan as out of the salt waves of the Atlantic; and when the awful impartialities, the apparent indifference of nature, aye, the smiting dominion of that God that makes might right, then is the time for the higher escape. Now we must swing out of the fetters of matter into the freedom of the spirit and know that however it may be with the cloud, the artist, the soul in its higher potency must make right might, and remember that love and not hate, that mercy and not vengeance, that peace and not war, are the triumphant forces in the world, the abiding elements of history; that they alone endure.

When the struggle overreaches our strength, then let us recognize that the sunset has a gospel that is the counterpart of the sunrise. As one wakes the dormant powers of the soul the other lulls us to sleep in the mighty arms of the Over-Soul, and when our finite arms are weary of holding aloft the banner, the infinite arm seizes the standards and keeps them at the masthead while we sleep. Aye, the very tides of God are in the full when we are at low ebb. The hymn of sunset, nay, the revelations of the night, show us that there is a power not ourselves that keeps the stars in their courses; that there is an undertow in the great main of being that pulls things and souls together; that when we are asleep and the waters are still, then

"The tide is in his ecstacy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night."

Have I brought you a May-day sermon? No. But I hope I have indicated to you where it is to be found and some of the heads of that sermon when it is found. Go seek it in the greening park, ask it of the opening leaves, hark for it in the song of the bird. Listen for it and the silent stars will proclaim it.

No endeavor is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

The Study Table.

God's Rebel.*

This is a striking title for a book, and might frighten the thoughtless reader away from it as foreshadowing something profane, were it not that the author's former work gave him a right to be heard and trusted as a thinker and accomplished scholar, and "Vivian of Virginia," that fine romance of the old days of Governor Berkeley, was universally commended by the critics, and its success assures a wide reading for the present volume. It comes up to the publisher's announcement. It is a fresh and significant story, love story first of all, as all good novels must be, since the theme never grows old.

The novel opens in the gambling casino of Monte Carlo, yet it drifts away from there at once, the scene being used only to illuminate as with a flashlight the characters of four of the principal characters in the story. Thereafter it is an American story of to-day, a swift, pitiful, grotesque, tragical, moving story of to-day, one to set the cords of sympathy vibrating in many hearts; one that ought to make some of us feel thoroughly ashamed of ourselves; one that ought to set all of us to wholesome thinking.

In a certain sense the book might be called an historical novel, for a large part of it is devoted to descriptions of actual occurrences in recent conflicts between capital and labor, and the majority of its characters are intended to be recognized as prototypes of men prominent to-day in the industrial world. The principal character, the "God's Rebel," is a young and ardent professor of political economy in the "Rockland University" at Chicago. Professor Moore's teachings are very radical and revolutionary. One soon discovers that as a reformer he obviously stands on the platform of the evolutionary socialist, having arrived at his economic convictions from a broad study of history and biology: "Scarcely a day passing in which he was not reminded that the very roots and elements of his specialty were broadly contained in those various scattered snatches of truth which men have collected from chaos and named science. For he had gone back to nature, resting the entire structure of his special profession on this single query: Given a republic, a fertile country, a thirfty and intelligent population, how shall we provide subsistence for the whole people? This was the substance of his political economy rather than vainly seeking to tell a few people how to get rich and the masses how to be patient under monopoly and oppression."

Now any such rational but, alas! unorthodox conception of the purposes of political economy is bound to make trouble, but as he is personally a likeable fellow and his lectures attract attention and draw students, the conservative authorities of that capitalistic seat of learning are sufficiently tolerant not to meddle with him for a space. It is only when he goes out of his way to expose an iniquitious transaction on the part of the "Saviour Oil Company" that he finds himself out of a job. The magnate of this oil company is also the financial "backer" of the university, hence the professor's dismissal. The latter then becomes involved in a great strike at "Wheeling"—not the West Virginia city, but simply a thin disguise for Pullman—and the result is personally disastrous. He is arrested and convicted on circumstantial evidence of inciting the mob to violence and is sentenced to a short term of imprisonment. When he is released he seeks vainly for many weeks for employment that will furnish him with support and is finally driven to accept a position

*By Dr. Hulbert Fuller (Regan Printing House, Chicago)

on a newspaper which had formerly been his most venomous opponent, and where he is required to write articles condemnatory of his own most cherished principles.

The story ends—but it would spoil the reading to reveal the plot in full, for as the Baltimore "American" naively concedes, "despite its anarchistic sentiments, it is very interesting reading." To this forced admission one may honestly add that it is all a bold, lurid, powerful picture of present conditions, illuminated by facts, not overstated, from our own recent history. It is a sad tale, indeed, but so is human life sad. It is exceedingly well written, as well as strongly conceived, and it is inspired by the unwavering conviction that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," while it is the province of the novelist to show who were the martyrs and how they were martyred and are every day being martyred under our very eyes.

It is a book that should have many readers, even in this dilettante age of Rudolphs and Trilbys, and wherein every "rebel" who toils for the good of humanity is nowadays termed a pessimist. R. A. WHITE.

"Municipal Monopolies."

One-half the people of this country will soon be living in cities of over 8,000 inhabitants. The important question is, Shall the monopolies in each city be owned by private or by public corporations? To throw light upon this subject is the purpose of "Municipal Monopolies," a volume of 691 pages just issued by Crowell & Co., price $2.00. It is "a collection of papers by American economists and specialists, edited by Edward W. Bemis, Ph. D., Professor of Economic Science in the Kansas State Agricultural College." The volume is of the "Library of Economics and Politics," Professor Richard T. Ely, supervising editor.

The method employed in this volume is twofold, that of grouping the statistics on each subject and the setting forth of the principles which the statistics demonstrate. The comparison of the results under private ownership of monopolies and public ownership is very striking. The following subjects are treated:

Waterworks, by M. N. Baker, Ph. D., Associate Editor "Engineering News," New York City; editor of "Manual of American Waterworks."

Municipal Electric Lighting, by John R. Commons, A. M., Professor of Sociology, Syracuse University.

The Latest Electric Light Reports, by Prof. Bemis.

Validity of Electric Light Comparisons, by F. A. C. Perrine, D. Sc., Professor of Electrical Engineering, Leland Stanford University.

The Telephone, by Frank Parsons, Professor of History and Political Science, Kansas State Agricultural College and Lecturer Boston University School of Law.

Municipal Franchises in New York, by Max West, Ph. D., U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Legal Aspects of Monopoly, by Frank Parsons.

Street Railways, by Prof. Bemis.

Gas, by Prof. Bemis.

Regulation or Ownership? by Prof. Bemis.

In these papers there is shown the development of cities and city monopolies, and the development of public ownership. It is pointed out that the collection of toll for passing over the highways is a thing of the past and that as to the sewerage system, there are only three cities in the United States in which it is owned by private individuals. The ownership of the water supply of forty of the largest cities in this country is as follows: 12 have always owned their waterworks, 19 have changed from private to public ownership and 9 are dependent on private companies for their supply.

In conjunction with the pumping stations in many cities there is run an electric light plant. This lessens the cost of electric lighting, both as to public lights and private consumption. The saving in price is shown to be very great and the service is much more effective. With the development of civil service, which is taking place in proportion as the monopolies are taken over, there will be an increase in the effectiveness of the service and a lessening of the cost. Gas plants are owned by several of the American cities. The comparative effectiveness is shown and also the enormous profits of the private plants and the methods whereby the public is kept in ignorance of the real rate of profit. Telephone charges under private ownership are also such as to yield tremendous profits and the service is usually very poor. The publicly owned systems in European countries and Australia are given and the comparison with private ownership is instructive. The statistics as to street railways in this country and in Europe is admirably set forth. The volume also contains chapters on "Municipal Franchises in New York," "Legal Aspect of Monopoly" and "Regulation or Ownership?"

The book is a most timely contribution to social science. The treatment of the problems which cannot be measured by dollars and cents should be read by everyone who is interested in social progress. The corruption in state government and the centralization of wealth from the enormous monopoly profits should be understood by every thoughtful citizen. To be "well read" one must know something of the far-reaching principles involved in the private ownership of municipal monopolies. Furthermore, one's self-interest in the prices charged for the use of municipal monopolies, the effectiveness of the service, and usage of employes and wages, call for an investigation of the subject.

The positions held by the authors of this volume are guarantees that the work is accurate and well arranged. With but one exception "Municipal Monopolies" is the only up-to-date scientific treatise on this very important subject. It is the most careful study of this question ever made and it ought to go into every city, hamlet and village in this country.

GEORGE SHIBLEY.

Literary Notes.

Abraham Lincoln said a great many wise things, but perhaps he never gave better advice than at one time to Secretary Stanton. Mr. Stanton, it seems, was greatly vexed because an army officer had refused to understand an order, or, at all events, had not obeyed.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write it now, while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp; cut him all up."

Stanton did not need another invitation. It was a bonecrusher that he read to the President. "That's right," said Abe; "that's a good one."

"Whom can I send it by?" mused the secretary.

"Send it!" replied Lincoln; "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters; I never do!"—*Christian Work.*

The Macmillan Company will publish early in May Mr. Ellis Yarnall's volume of reminiscences. The title of the book will be "Wordsworth and the Coleridges, With Other Memories Literary and Political."

The same firm will also publish shortly W. H. Mallock's new novel, "Tristram Lacy, or the Individualist," simultaneously in America and England.

Miss Beulah Marie Dix's romantic novel, "Hugh Gwyeth, a Roundhead Cavalier," has run into its second edition within three weeks of its publication.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The love of the beautiful is not more universal than the instinct of religion.
MON.—Religion is confessed to be character.
TUES.—There is nothing society so much needs to-day as, not divine righteousness, but human righteousness.
WED.—A man is justified by his active affections, and not by his acquiescence in some principle.
THURS.—Wisdom will love those who love her. That is, there must be something in the soul that will welcome what words she may speak.
FRI.—The variety and richness which prevail in nature, are an emblem of what may be expected in the spirit world. The wants of the soul are many and varied.
SAT.—Give me, on and on forever, whatsoever things are more and more beautiful and more and more true.
—*David Swing.*

Baby Seed Song.

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
Are you awake in the dark?
Here we lie cozily, close to each other;
Hark to the song of the lark—
"Waken!" the lark says, "waken and dress you;
Put on your green coats and gay,
Blue sky will shine on you, sunshine caress you—
Waken! 'tis morning—'tis May!"

Little brown brother, oh! little brown brother,
What kind of flower will you be?
I'll be a poppy—all white, like my mother;
Do be a poppy like me.
What! you're a sunflower? How I shall miss you
When you're grown golden and high!
But I shall send all the bees up to kiss you;
Little brown brother, good-by.

—*Selected.*

Who Loved Mamma?

The sun had gone down, and it was dark in the sitting-room. Great flakes of snow were flying through the air outside. The wind whistled and blew through keyholes and under doorsills.

Mamma sat in a big Boston rocker in front of a blazing grate fire, surrounded by her little family—Willie, the youngest, on her lap, Janet on one arm of the chair and Jack on the other, both with their heads leaning on mamma's shoulders, while Sam, the oldest boy, sat on a stool at her feet, with his back close up against her.

"I love you, mamma," said Janet.

"So do I." "So do I." "So do I," chimed in the three other voices.

"I love you more than anybody else can love you," said Sam, "because I'm the oldest. I loved you the longest."

"I love you the most because I'm the only girl," said Janet.

"I love you so much I wish a big bear would come after you and I'd shoot him," said Jack.

"I love you more than I can tell you," said Willie, putting his arm around his mother's neck and kissing her again and again.

Then all the children kissed her at once, and poor mamma was nearly suffocated with their embraces.

"Do you love me, children?" she asked. "Do you really know what love is?"

"Why, love is love—something you feel inside of you that makes you want to do something for somebody."

"Yes, love is doing something for someone else, perhaps something hard and unpleasant."

Just then the postman whistled at the door, and the children ran to see what he had brought.

"It's a letter for me," said mamma, as she opened it, "and I must write an answer at once, so it will go in this evening's mail. Who'll take a letter to the lamp-post for me?"

Sam looked out of the window. How the snow blew around. His rubber boots were away upstairs. Oh, dear, he had five hard examples to do. Why couldn't that letter wait until morning? He's take it on his way to school.

Jack looked out of the window, too. Ugh! how dark it was. He didn't like being out in the dark alone. It made him scary. Suppose there should be bears about the street corners! In the stories he had read, when they came it was always in a snowstorm.

Janet thought: "Why, certainly mamma doesn't mean me to go as long as Sam and Jack are in the house. I've got my slippers on. I hate going out in the cold.

So when mamma had finished writing the reply to her letter and looked up, she found Sam busy with his slate and pencil, Jack with one of his games and Janet knitting away very industriously on a hood for her doll. Only Willie stood before her with his big boots on, and his overcoat turned up about his ears.

"I'm all ready, mamma," he said.

"But, Willie, aren't you afraid to go alone?" she asked. "It's getting dark, and it's cold out of doors."

"I love you, mamma," he answered. "I'll run fast and I don't believe anything will hurt me."

"Yes, you may," said mamma.

"Don't get lost in the snowdrift, little man. I'll watch you from the window. I know who loves me truly to-night," she added, with a sorry smile. "Love does not think of itself, and love conquers even fear, doesn't it, Willie?"—*New York Observer.*

Harry's Runaway.

Harry had been at grandpa's two weeks, and such wonderful sleigh rides and sled rides as he had enjoyed! It was a new experience to Harry, for snow is more of a rarity in Texas than in Maine, you may be sure.

One day Harry went out with his sled, "Reindeer," to have a long coast down the hill.

"Why-y-ee!" he cried excitedly. "There goes Mr. Crocker's horse and sleigh down the hill and there's nobody in the sleigh! He's running away! He's running away!"

Perhaps he could stop the horse and drive him back to Mr. Crocker's store. Wouldn't that be fine? Maybe he'd get his name in the paper. Folks did who only shingled their barns!

He gave "Reindeer" a big run, and jumped on. The horse and sleigh were half-way down the hill, the horse trotting briskly along. Down came the "Reindeer" after him, Harry lying close upon the top to make it go the faster.

Bump, bump! went the sleigh, and bump, bump, bump! went the sled behind.

Now the sled is almost up to the back of the sleigh, but, dear me! the bottom of the hill has been reached and the sled begins to slow up and Prince Charlie doesn't begin to slow up.

So Harry jumped off the sled and ran as fast as his little legs could carry him after the team.

How the little boy's legs did fly! In a minute more they brought up their little owner, puffing like a fat little porpoise, so he could grasp the back of the sleigh and look over inside; and what do you suppose he saw? Mr. Crocker's little pug dog sitting sedately upon the seat, with the reins in his mouth, driving his master's team home to the stable!—*Youth's Companion.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Chicago, Unitarian Club.—The committee appointed at the recent dinner in honor of Rev. S. A. Eliot has arranged for an informal luncheon and reception in honor of Edward Everett Hale, at which time it is expected that formal action will be taken toward organizing a new men's club on the general lines of the old Chaning Club, which did so much toward drawing the workers in Chicago's Unitarian churches together.

The Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools announces its second spring outing for June tenth at Hinsdale. Any visiting Sunday-school workers who may be in Chicago at that time are invited to join the party, which will leave the Union Depot at little after twelve at noon. For this week's meeting (on May ninth, at Unity Church, as guests of the Sunday Ethical Schools of Chicago) the speakers will be Miss Jeanne I. Edenheim of the North Chicago Jewish Sabbath School, and Mr. Albert G. Lane of the Centenary Methodist Sunday-school. Mr. Lane is widely known from his school at the head of Chicago's public schools, and with fifty years' of experience in Sunday-school work, his word ought to carry a good deal of weight. As usual, we hope to give the readers of "Unity" at least a summary of these papers later on.

Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.—President A. W. Gould, Mr. Effinger, Mrs. Perkins, Miss Hintermeister and Mr. Scheible were at the monthly meeting of the directors on May 4th. Mr. Gould reported the progress made toward a program for the annual meeting on Thursday, May 25, at which Mr. Haynes of Chicago and Mr. Sheldon of St. Louis were expected to speak on "Science and the Sunday-school." The treasurer's report showed that only seventeen schools had sent donations. It is hoped that many others will do likewise during the next fortnight, so that there may be ample funds for carrying the society through the summer.

ALBERT SCHEIBLE,
Secretary pro tem.

Chicago.—Two interesting events in the life of All Souls Church occurred last week. One was the tenth anuual banquet of the Confirmation Class Alumni, which always touches the tenderest notes in the life of the church. The banquet table that ten years ago was a short one around which fifteen or twenty children gathered, has now grown to be a long one with branches shooting out on either side, with still other tables for the honored guests, which consisted of the officers of the church and their wives and such other special guests as contributed to the joy of the evening. About one hundred of the alumni sat down to the table out of the one hundred and sixty that constitutes the present strength of the association. Many of them are boys and girls no longer, and the roll call of the classes brought responses from New York City to California. The lawyers, the teachers, the mothers of the association were toasted. Mary Lloyd Jones of the first class presided and Warren McArthur, Jr., of the class of 1899, responded to the welcome given to the new comers. Dr. Thomas was the outside minister invited to make the address this year, and Mr. Rubinkam of the University Congregational Church and Mrs. Celia P. Woolley were also present. The closing word as usual was given by the pastor and the alumni joined with him in their chorus of faith. The program was neatly printed and forms one more in the collection of choice souvenirs treasured by the alumni. * * * Prof. R. W. Wood of the University of Wisconsin came as announced last week and gave his lecture at Steinway Hall last Saturday evening. By means of blackboard and stereopticon, explained through eye and ear how wave sounds are photographed, how pictures are taken by means of plain glass lenses or "zone plates" as he called them, and also how color has been photographed. And all this was told and shown in such a skillful way that we, the uninitiated, understood, admired and marveled. The demonstrations oftentimes were more than beautiful, they were awe-full.

Milford, N. H.—Rev. A. Judson Rich, whose contributions from time to time have enriched the pages of UNITY and whose work has always interested our readers, lays down the pastorate which he has held for eight years over the Unitarian Church of this place, notwithstanding the society unanimously requested the withdrawal of his resignation. All departments of the society joined in hearty regrets and high appreciation of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Rich. Our readers will rejoice to know that Mr. Rich promises to renew his contributions to UNITY now that he is released for a while from the over-strain of parish work. The following is an extract from the resolutions passed at the annual meeting of the society at which the resignation was offered:

"This society appreciates the faithful work of its pastor, his earnest desire to promote broad, wise, and unselfish citizenship, his inspiring sermons to make his people manifest the highest form of church life, and show a more excellent way, not only to bring grace, mercy, and peace into the individual hearts of men and women, but also to bring many hearts together in beautiful forms of fellowship, in order that the highest ideals of life may shine abroad in a world that surely needs them."

Two Preachers.

The preacher stood in the pulpit,
And spoke with large discourse
Of reason and revelation,
Nature and cosmic force.

He talked of the reign of order,
Of scientific skill,
And knowledge as the only key
To find the heavenly will.

While lost in this maze of wisdom
About the false and the true,
There came to my eyes a vision,
Near as the nearest pew.

'Twas a vision dear and tender,
The sweet face of a child,
As weary with all the talking
He lay asleep and smiled.

I thought of a certain preacher,
The wise, the undefiled,
Who saw the kingdom of heaven
Within the heart of a child

'Tis good to be strong and learned,
Good to be wise and bold;
But the best of everything that is
That preacher left untold.

—*Isabel Fellows, in the Globe Democrat.*

Forbearance.

One lesson take to heart this year,
Be good to those with whom you live,
'Tis better not to quarrel, dear.,
Than 'tis to kiss and say "forgive."

Put self behind—turn tender eyes,
Keep back the words that wound and sting,
We learn when sorrow makes us wise,
Forbearance is the grandest thing.

—*Woman's Journal.*

Books Received.

The Macmillan Company, New York, London: "The Development of English Thought—A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History." By Simon N. Patten, Ph. D. $3.

D. Appleton & Co., New York: "Great Commanders." "General Sherman." By General Manning F. Force.

"Psalms for Worship and Instruction." Arranged in an order of subjects, by William Salter. E. C. Gnahn, 316 Jefferson street, Burlington, Iowa.

"Dreams of the First and Twentieth Century." By Annie Wigmore.

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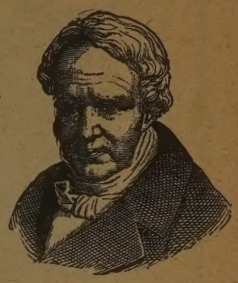

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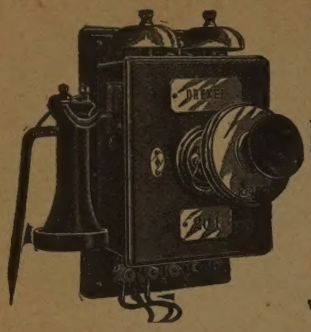

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